

## THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

**Rules for Young Writers.**  
1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only.  
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.  
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.  
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.  
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.  
Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that!  
Whatever you say—Be true!  
Straightforwardly act,  
Be honest—in fact,  
Be nobody else but you."

## POETRY.

## A Duck Tale.

Old Dippy was a fussy duck  
Who had a mind for misery;  
She found a cause for discontent  
Amid the best society.

She fretted sore because her tail  
Was not of vivid peacock hue;  
She worried just because she quacked  
And could not like a kiddy mew.

She was so dreadfully discontent  
That her poor husband, Bobby  
Drake,  
Spent all his days just soothing her:  
"Do be a duck for goodness' sake!"

But Dippy fretted on and on  
She thought her little yellow legs  
Too shapely for her big wide feet.  
One day she bought some chicken  
osspies.

"At least," she said, "when these eggs  
hatch,  
The babies will be a joy to me,  
They'll surely have the daintiest feet.  
That I have always loved to see."

In three weeks' time the baby chicks  
Were able to go out.  
And Dippy sent for her friends  
Who homesteaded round about.

She asked them how they liked her  
flock.  
Her husband said, "'Tis true  
They're slender feet, but they can't do  
A thing that ducks should do."

"Can't swim 'em near the water;  
Don't swim a little bit;  
And when you get their feathers wet  
They nearly have a fit!"

"They talk like perfect roosters;  
Not one quacks like a duck;  
They scratch like a hen do,  
So please, for gracious sake

"Go sell 'em to the poultryman,  
It's very interesting and new.  
Your friends will never stand  
For your freak family!"

Poor Dippy took his hard advice,  
"Twas all that she could do;  
O, children, learn from her sad  
strails—  
Avoid those things you'll rue.  
—Brooklyn Eagle.

**LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.**  
Lora M. Carpenter, of Lebanon—  
I received your prize book, "The  
Wide Awake Circle," and I think it is  
very interesting and I will keep it  
for my own collection.

Lillian Brehaut, East Norwich, N. Y.—  
I received the prize book you sent  
me and I have read half of it.  
I found it very interesting and I wish  
to thank you for it.

Susan Mattin, of Mt. Hope—  
I received your prize book you gave me.  
I received my prize book and I think  
it is very interesting and I will keep it  
for my own collection.

Thelma V. Roche, of Petersburg, Va.—  
I received my prize book and I think  
it is very interesting and I will keep it  
for my own collection.

Myron J. Ringland, of Norwich Town—  
I thank you very much for the prize  
book entitled "Boy Scouts on the Trail."  
I am very well pleased with it.

Mary L. O'Casey, of Norwich—  
I wish to thank you for the lovely prize  
book you gave me. I have started  
to read it and find it very interesting.  
I am going to try again.

**THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.**  
1—Yetta Levine, of Colchester.  
2—Leontine Gilot, of Baltic—Miss  
Charity's Home.  
3—Mildred V. Morley, of Eagleville.  
4—Graziella Martin, of Plainfield.  
5—Ola Butler, of New Bedford.

**Mass.—Three Little Women as Wives.**  
—Edwin Maynard, of Lyme—The  
Boy Scout's First Camp Fire.  
—Lucy Carter, of Scotland—Three  
Little Women.  
—Florida Reil, of Versailles—  
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.

## UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

When you buy a banana for a penny  
or two, do you ever think there was  
a day not so long ago when the banana  
was seldom seen in the market  
and dear?

You would be surprised if you could  
see the settlements and railroads and  
steamships and men which it takes  
to keep the New England markets  
supplied with this fruit, which is so cheap  
in the long ago we did not use to  
see the yellow bananas. The commercial  
bananas were of a deep red, but the  
quick means of getting the fruit to  
market and the great demand and  
necessity for keeping it cheap brought  
the yellow, or wild banana, to market.

I saw somewhere that a million dollars  
are invested in this business and that  
thousands of men are employed, and  
that 150 miles of railroads had been  
built to bring the fruit to the  
shipping points, and that ocean steamers  
are loaded with the fruit are always  
sailing the ocean between Central  
America and American ports; and the  
few pennies we spend for the fruit  
not only supports all of these people  
but is enriching a few.

How does it come a little money  
buys a lot of fruit in tropical countries.  
I once read of some travelers in  
Central America who felt under obligations  
to a planter for favors done  
them and they ordered a bunch of bananas  
to do so much for so little money.

Barbarossa undertook a journey to  
the Holy Land, taking with him one  
hundred and fifty thousand of his best  
soldiers. One day he came to a river  
and crossed a broad river. The emperor,  
without waiting to dismount from his  
horse, plunged into the stream and  
swam across.

His broken-hearted soldiers carried  
the body back to Germany and placed  
it in a deep cavern far up mountain  
side. This is the story of the emperor  
Barbarossa.

Barbarossa sits, they say, leaning  
upon a great stone in the cavern  
which has long red beard grown  
reaching the floor of his cavern and  
winding itself about the table. Thus  
he sleeps and waits for his more  
loyal when he will come more  
forth with his knights and go back  
in great glory to Germany.

PLAINEFIELD, MARTIN, Age 10.

**A Trip to Washington.**  
Dear Uncle Jed: Great was my surprise  
when home came my father and  
told me to prepare myself to go to  
Washington with the Fourth C. A. C.  
of New Bedford.

We went to Fall River by a special  
car and from Fall River to New  
Jersey by boat, and from there to Washington  
it was very windy, so I  
boarded a car for the place I was  
to stay at.

When the day of the inauguration  
arrived another boy and I went to  
watch the parade and to see the president  
and the rest of the people in line.

The suffragettes had a grand display  
and some of them rode in teams  
while others rode on horse-back.  
There were also some of the  
suffragettes who were on horse-back  
and some of them were on horse-back  
and some of them were on horse-back.

The day after the inauguration my  
father and I went up to George Washington  
Memorial and saw the statue of  
George Washington. The day after  
the inauguration my father and I went  
up to George Washington Memorial and  
saw the statue of George Washington.

The next day I climbed the Washington  
monument and went in the museum.  
In one room of the museum  
I saw the center of the battle in  
the war, and all the swords he ever  
had.

The afternoon we went to the  
mint and saw them make paper  
money.

After staying a few days and seeing  
the other places, I came home and  
had a great deal to tell my school-  
mates.

OLA BUTLER, Age 11.  
New Bedford.

**ROWAN TREES.**  
Dear Uncle Jed:—While I was walking  
through the country I observed  
a beautiful young and very rare tree  
in Connecticut, and as far as I know  
there are only two in Norwich that  
bear fruit.

One tree is on Laurel Hill avenue  
just beyond the schoolhouse, on the  
right side of the road, and the other  
is on the Thermo Bottle Works.  
The other tree is in Yantic near the  
highway.

They are rowan trees, or mountain  
ash, and have beautiful clusters of  
small white flowers in spring followed  
by red berries which are very sour and  
are in clusters and remain on the tree  
until late in fall.

Wide-Awakes can have great fun  
with rowan berries by running a pin  
through the center of the berry, insert  
pin or needle in the stem of a clay  
pipe then by blowing through the  
pipe the berry will dance  
all sorts of ways and will make any  
body laugh; for their dancing is more  
entertaining and wholesome than the  
tango or turkey.

The tree is most deserving of cultivation  
and study.

MYRON J. RINGLAND.  
Norwich Town.

**The School Fair.**  
Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I  
would write and tell you about our  
school fair.

Our school fair was on a Friday.  
There were very many people at it.  
We had three tables full of things and  
one on the floor. There were very  
many who received prizes. I got the  
second.

We had three-legged races, potato  
races, big races and single races. I  
won in the three-legged race.

There was some nice sewing the  
made when they went to sewing  
school.

There were lots of very nice vegetables  
the boys raised in their gardens.

The painting was so nice that Mr.  
Brundage wants some painting done  
for him.

MILDRED V. MORLEY.  
Eagleville.

**His Pets.**  
Dear Uncle Jed: I have read many  
of the Wide-Awake stories and like  
them very much, so I thought I would  
write one.

I am going to tell you about my  
pet. One is a little dog. His name  
is Rover. He is black and curly. He  
is a French poodle. He does not know  
many tricks yet. He will bring you  
a stick or a ball, shake hands, beg or  
speak for his food.

There is a little brook near my home.

ates of some school, yet took part with  
the class of 1883 or earlier. He had a  
bath twice a week.

My other pet is a cat. My cat's  
name is Nabby. He is yellow and  
white. He is very friendly. My Grand-  
ma was out doors she heard something  
mew; she looked around and saw a  
cat; she brought him in and named  
him Nabby. After she had drank her  
milk she curled up in a chair and went  
to sleep. She did not seem to want  
to go away.

We inquired if anybody had lost  
her. Nobody seemed to claim her, so  
she still is here. Now we like our  
kitty so much we would not part with  
her.

Good-bye for this time.  
EDWIN MAYNARD, Age 9.  
Lyme.

**Children's Games.**  
Dear Uncle Jed: As school has  
begun and we have quite a while to  
play now, I thought I would send  
in a few games for amusement that  
I think are quite nice; also, are good  
for evening gatherings.

**Stir the Mush.**—One chair less than  
the number required for the company  
is provided. The players seat them-  
selves in a circle, one being chosen  
to stir the mush.

The center with a walking stick and says  
in a solemn tone: "Stir the mush!"  
At the same time the players begin  
knocking their knees upon the floor.  
At this signal all the players leave  
their seats and take others. The leader  
or having drawn the straw, stands up  
for a seat also, and of course one is  
left out, and he or she must be the  
next one to stir the mush.

**Game of Cat.**—The person who is  
to play the game should stand  
outside of the door of the room where  
the company is assembled. The boys  
and girls in turn come to the other  
side of the door and all of them  
say "Fire!" and the ringing of bells  
all over the village.

The first proved to be in Mr. Gray's  
stable and had burned much of the  
village. The poor deer was tied in the  
stable; he could not get away and  
was burned to ashes in the flames.  
The children mourned their loss for  
a long time. Everyone felt sorry for  
the tame deer was well known over  
the village and had become a great  
favorite.

**LEONTINE GILOT, Age 10.**  
Baltic.

**Pin Money from Pin Feathers.**  
Mildred came dancing into the room  
where her mother was, to tell her Mrs.  
Westcott was going away for a while  
year, and she had five hens left. The  
eggs her hens lay if I take care of  
them.

She was decided Mildred might accept  
Mrs. Westcott's offer, provided she  
took entire charge of the hens and  
asked only advice from the others.

She set busily to work to care for  
her new family. Every morning  
cleaned the coops and filled the water  
dishes and then gave them their  
breakfast of corn.

She had five customers to whom she  
delivered a dozen eggs every week  
after school.

All this work was not hard, but it  
had to be attended to. No matter how  
much Mildred wanted to remain to  
supper with one of her school friends  
in town, she had to think of giving  
the hens their supper.

At the end of the year when Mrs.  
Westcott was about to return, Mildred  
showed her her eggs account and  
found she had received \$109.20, and  
that her expenses were \$48.88, leaving  
her a gain of \$60.32.

Mildred was well repaid for attending  
to her duties. She had learned many  
things. She hoped with a part of her  
profit to buy some hens of her own,  
and go on earning pin money from  
pin feathers.

FLORA L. HOUSE, Age 12.  
Scotland.

**Tea in Russia.**  
In Russia they make tea with a  
samovar, which is a large horse-shaped  
urn of copper, brass, or sometimes  
silver. There is a funnel of fine  
metal which is filled with little  
sticks and charcoal, just like a minia-  
ture fire. The water is put around this  
funnel and another bent piece of the  
metal is attached to the funnel and  
put outside the window to carry off all  
the smoke, and when all this has been  
done, the urn is placed on the table  
with the water bubbling round a glow-  
ing little fire.

The lady of the house sits at the  
head of the table with the towel, and  
embroidered at each end, laid across  
her knees. It is about two yards long,  
but only 14 or 15 inches wide. She  
proceeds to make tea in a little china  
bowl, which she has brought to the  
table. The guests are seated around  
the samovar, much as we  
are accustomed to make it, only weaker.  
She then pours it into cups, or  
sometimes slices in metal stands, in-  
to which pieces of lemon have previ-  
ously been put. Each person is sup-  
plied with a sweet cake in jam which  
they eat with spoon. When the tea  
is handed around each person puts a  
piece of cake or jam into his mouth to  
sweeten his tea.

A brass copper or silver basin is  
also placed upon the table, shining with  
all its might, because it corresponds.  
When another cup of tea is requested,  
the lady rises the cup, spoon, and  
saucer by pouring water over it into  
the pan, and then she wipes them  
with her towel, and then she pours an-  
other cup of tea.

YETTA LEVINE, Age 11.  
Colchester.

**Ants.**  
Men who have studied about ants  
tell us that there are ants which build  
little cities. Of course, it takes hun-  
dreds of ants working together to  
build even a very little city.

When the city is done, they clear  
a little field around it; that is, they  
take out of the field all the grass and  
weeds, and all the sticks and stones.  
Then they plant their grain.

Their grain is a kind of grain which  
grows very much like rice; and  
when the grain is ripe they take it  
into their houses.

If the seasons are damp they put them  
in their houses to be used as food.  
JESSIE BREHAUT.  
East Norwich, N. Y.

**General Robert E. Lee.**  
General Lee was once a passenger  
in a crowded railway train. Presently  
an aged woman, poorly dressed and  
carrying a heavy basket, boarded the  
train. She walked from one car to  
another without finding a seat; and no  
one offered her one. At last she came  
to the place where General Lee was  
sitting. He rose at once. Lifting his  
hat politely he said:

"Madam, pray take this seat."  
In an instant a dozen men offered  
their seats to the General, but he re-  
fused them all, saying:

"If there was no seat for this old  
lady, there is none for me."

**A Swiss Legend.**  
Switzerland, the lovely land with  
lakes and mountains, was once ruled  
by a cruel man by the name of Gessler.  
To show what he could do, he stuck  
a cap on the end of a pole and said

ture's theatre has long since returned  
to his boots. To a brave Swiss,  
and his little son Walter came from  
their home upon the mountains. The  
two passed by without bowing before  
the cap and Tall was arrested.

As Gessler rode by he said, "So you  
are the best marksman in the land,  
are you?"

Up spoke little Walter, "So my  
father is," he said. "He can shoot an  
apple from a hundred paces away."

"Then let him shoot an apple from  
his son's head at eighty paces away,"  
said Gessler.

The boy was bound to a tree and the  
soldiers placed an apple on his curly  
head.

He said, "Shoot, father, I am not  
afraid."

Tell shot the arrow. It hit the apple.  
Walter ran to his father un-  
harmed.

As he turned another arrow fell from  
his coat.

"You took another arrow," said  
Gessler. "What for, Tell?"

"If I had harm to my father, I would  
have gone straight to your  
heart," said Tell.

MARY A. BURRILL, Age 12.  
Stafford Springs.

**The Adventures of a Cent.**  
"Are you ready to hear my story?"  
asked an old cent to a little mouse.

The little mouse consented and the  
old cent began:

I am now old and copper-colored,  
but once I was bright and new and  
shiny. How I was made and my very  
early adventures I cannot remember.  
Early one morning I awoke to find my-  
self lying in a chubbly little  
boy's hand.

"As I afterward heard the baby's  
father took me from a bank and be-  
came a very shiny he gave me to this  
little boy."

The little boy thought so much of  
me because he said I was "a nice new  
cent." He put me under his pillow  
at night and he made me a great  
many things. He made such a fuss over  
me that I grew proud. Oh! it is ter-  
rible being so proud to be so ter-  
ribly gotten entirely.

One day my little master and I  
went to the beach. He was playing  
with the sand when I slipped from his  
fingers. Until it was time to go home  
I was not missed. Then the little boy  
cried and he was given another cent,  
but not as nice as I was.

That night instead of a soft bed I  
slept in the sand. It was cold and  
lonesome.

In the morning two boys came  
along. They were very sad because  
they only had nine cents. Sitting right  
beside me one ran his fingers through  
the sand and picked me up. How  
happy they were. They ran to the  
Chinaman's store and as they had ten  
cents now they were given the toy  
they longed for.

The Chinaman put me into a draw  
and there I lay for many hours. I was  
nearly asleep when the draw was  
opened and I was picked up. I knew  
the boy would give me away, so I dropped  
from his hand into a crack in the  
floor.

From there I dropped into this old  
can, and this is now my home.

Now I was of some value in the  
world and I could only get away  
from here if I could try to find my way  
to the first little mouse who found me.  
"Yes, yes," answered the little  
mouse and scurried away.

Norwich. LOUIS MARX.

**The Obedient Elephant.**  
In some countries in Asia an ele-  
phant is made to carry the flag in  
battles. This is a very old custom.  
It is so tall and the soldiers can easily  
see the flag flying from his back.

One of these elephants, which be-  
longed to the British army, was very  
brave and very kind. But he would  
obey the order of no one except his  
master.

One time while a very fierce fight  
was raging the driver called out to him:  
"Stand! My brave beast, stand!"

At once the elephant obeyed and  
stood firm. He was wounded and slain.  
The obedient animal would not move though  
the battle raged all around him.

The British soldiers who feared they  
were being overcome were cheered on  
by the sight of the elephant. He not  
only stirred up the fire, but he also  
fired the noise, the smoke, the con-  
fusion, listened patiently for the voice  
of his master. Sharp spears were  
hurled at him, a scow of javelins  
pierced his side, his long ears dripped  
with blood; but he stood like a rock.

"Come forward!" My men cried.  
The British captain, our flag still floats  
and the battle will yet be ours.

His men discouraged and ready to  
fly, rallied at this command with a  
cry of "Forward!" and the British  
elephant and offered to lead his men  
to the front. He was so brave and  
he would be so brave and he would  
be so brave and he would be so brave  
though wounded and worn the creature  
would not move until he heard his  
master's voice; but that master would  
never speak again.

A rider was sent in great haste to  
a place fifty miles away where lived the  
little son of the driver. The boy was  
brought to the front and the battle  
had been fought and the elephant  
showed very plainly he was glad to  
see him, and permitted him to lead him  
away.

KATHERINE GORMAN, Age 9.  
Versailles.

**Why Worry About Your Hair?**  
The hair is the crown of the head.  
It is the pride of the woman. It is  
the pride of the man. It is the pride  
of the child. It is the pride of the  
old. It is the pride of the young.  
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